1.4.94
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, February 23, 2006 8:40pm in van
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1. Who can see the handwriting on the wall for the way things are now, now and has been coming to an end, and the new thing I am doing emerging in prominence, prestige, accolades of honor, and altercations provoking, some, yea many, in circles deep but not wide?

2. I love you and I give you me, friends many in far places, depth of only me; conquering unseen chasms and voids not known to exist, yea now filled with me, seen by light, light being. I love you.

3. I give you far away places **in the back of your hand, front of your mind**, and yea all things reside in me; and who can see the capillaries of my soul, and those who want me from afar, wanting/waiting on you, a savior; not regionalized, but yea spectacular; not in the definition of man's mind, but yea mine, and light being spectacular of only me; and who can comply with me/my wishes/my invitation/my desire, yea to be one with my creation?

4. Who will see me as I am, and not be repelled/afraid/juxtaposed from what they thought? And who can see my arm appearing in me, and know all that I have said? I give you me.

5. Thank you for coming unto me, resting, lighting the path of many, fearing me not in ways that keep you from me, but yea drawing ever closer still, now knowing all, more and more so, infinite'd. I love you.

6. Rest and bring forth the Mighty Many at your hand.

7. See what I have said. Alter not, but yea altars in all now known; and who can compare/conceive my covenant in me? Watch me.

8. Young one, just beginning, metamorphosis of only me; and who can tell the beginning from the beginning? I know you are me. I thank you. Thou art hideous, not, in any way, but yea hidden with me in every part.
I love you. Goodnight.